

Literature and Drama

The Enchantress

In an eastern rose-garden
Where white blossoms blow,
There dwelt an enchantress
Long ages ago.

Her smile was a moon-rise,
Her laughter a breeze,
And her eyes were deep shadows
Like orient seas.

When dusk kissed the garden,
And th' eastern moon rose,
She danced, as the nightingale
Sang to the rose.

Ah! the foolish turned in,
But never the wise.
Hearts were singed by the shadows
Of flame in her eyes.

JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON.

Le Beau Et Le Pur

Ce ne serait qu'un vain effort, pour un novice de l'art grec, que de vouloir écrire sur un tel sujet sur lequel a déjà coulé tant d'encre et sur lequel le dernier mot est loin d'avoir été écrit et dit. Mais en peu de lignes je voudrais analyser la devise ci-dessus mentionnée qui embellit la façade de l'édifice que nous sommes fières d'appeler "notre Ecole."

Cette devise des anciens Grecs est l'empreinte de toutes leurs oeuvres, de ces œuvres lumineuses, adorables et chastes dans leur beauté sereine, qui révèlent tour à tour en architecture et en sculpture, en littérature, et dans le drame, un aspect charmant, des visions puissantes, de magnifiques expressions symboliques, l'effigie calme et pensante ou l'épopée nationale, le contraste ou la grace simple, où la matière s'anime toute du souffle de la vie. D'innombrables antiquités trouvées depuis tant de siècles et aujourd'hui parsemées dans toutes les musées archéologiques des

deux mondes sont de vifs témoins du "Beau et du Pur," quoiqu'on soit loin encore d'avoir remis au jour tout, dont la civilisation grecque avait couvert la Gaule où même des villes modernes se sont souvent consruites à la place et avec les débris de la ville antiques grecque. C'est pourquoi la France, plus que tout autre pays, a-t-elle en tout âge adopté l'esprit grec, l'esprit du "Beau et du Pur." La France d'aujourd'hui comme la Gaule du passé révèle dans l'architecture de ses édifices, de ses monuments, dans ses drames et à la mode d'aujourd'hui même, les lignes classiques, le goût grec, la conception de la civilisation ancienne, l'inspiration du "Beau et du Pur."

Nous, qui avons le privilège de toujours être guidées et envelopées par cette atmosphère du "Beau et du Pur" devrions répandre l'esprit de notre devise (après l'avoir absorbée nous-même!) sur tous ceux au moins avec lesquels le hasard nous met en relation.

FRANCOISE GOUDIS.

Tekawana

The village of Tekawana is all that its quaint name suggests. Tradition claims that Champlain's dusky companions here rested, and in gratitude, dropped into this cup of nature their bit of music "Tekawana." In memory of the occasion, mother nature devotes herself to making the valley a thing of perfection during the mystic season of Indian Summer.

Guarded by a circle of rugged old hills, it is little wonder that the village breathes seclusion. A gap on each side of the circle, does indeed admit the lazy railway as a daily reminder of the busy world beyond. But the entrance and exit of even this noisy intruder are hushed by clustering trees which close about its pathway. Down the hillsides wind white roadways, which play hide and seek to skirt the woods and streams.

Winter with her blanket of snow, triumphs in an added stillness. Buzzing motors are stilled, and the quiet is very occasionally broken by the tinkling sleigh bells of some brave traveller. Then the lure of the ski and toboggan is great. Home going sleighs are loaded with laughing children, who ride to the summits of the hills to coast back. All roadways then are common property and traffic laws forgotten.

Spring returns. Old Sol dances upon the hills until they wake to laughter. Their shaking sides deluge Tekawana with a rush of melting snows. Their trees and plants break into leaf

and blossom. And the maples which run in merry dance along the village streets, join hands across the way and greet the birds. Gardeners vie. Each house assumes an attitude of awakened interest — and spring cleaning. Shopkeepers rearrange and supplement old stock. Tradesmen acquire apprentices. On the hillsides appears the familiar plowman, who moves slowly to and fro, leaving behind an ever widening trail of brown. But evening brings rest to Tekawana, in the lullaby of swollen hillside streams, breezes whispering to the pines, and frogs in full choral accompaniment.

In summer, industry does indeed cause quite a hum. The farmers wagons come from all directions, bringing produce to the railway or local trade centres. Eager motors charge noisily up some white dusty way, amid echoing protests from the opposite hills. On returning, with the first peep into the valley, they glide quietly, apologetically to rest. Tekawana, almost, you see, forgets herself.

But in autumn comes again the spirit of the dusky explorers to prepare the birthday feast. Then is Tekawana perfection of sight and sound. A filmy veil of blue-grey haze o'erspreads the hills. Old Sol pours his warmth in profusion over the southern ridge, and the slopes become a patchwork of crimson, green and gold. The village streets are flecked with bits of perfect color, and roadways are arched with rainbows.

Then it is one remembers that Champlain's dusky companions beheld, and dropped a blessing, on Tekawana.

GRETA SCARROW.

The Huron Hockey Team

We did not boast a hockey team, which condition, in a lively Canadian town, was a sign of gross inferiority. Young men there were, and young men skaters there were; but young men hockey enthusiasts there were not, nor could such be created. The situation worried the town fathers, who had once secured a place for the name of Huron on the hockey map. Something must be done! It was!

To whom the inspiration came no one was quite sure, nor did it really matter. All who heard the plan conceded it to be worthy a trial; a diplomatic delegation of one consulted the girls; and before we were well aware of the momentousness of our step, six had leaped from various obscure stations to the awe-inspiring altitude of the Huron Hockey Team. It remained but to confer, organize, practise, become proficient, and become famous. All

of these were to be as easy as cause and effect—they, the effect, said team, the cause.

Organization proved almost as simple as anticipated. One officer was elected, a captain, who was of course, Mary, by virtue of general proficiency. Each girl was required to obey her captain, attend all practices, and be a sport; to wear a white sweater and cap with a blue skirt, and to carry a hockey stick.

Saturday morning saw the noble six in full regalia, including hockey sticks, standing at attention upon the ice, with the coach and umpire, Uncle Billie, clearing away any possible uncertainties concerning rules. These being few, the first practice proceeded. It consisted of assigning positions, passing, rushing, checking, and scoring—or rather attempts at such. In assigning positions there was of course no delay. In passing, the trouble was that the puck seldom passed to the correct person. In rushing, the difficulty was to retain the puck while going, and to recover it without proceeding to the end of the rink to turn. In scoring the difficulty was—well, just Mary. She was positively at all vulnerable points of that goal at once. When the puck came near her she screamed madly and rushed at it with annihilation written on her countenance. And every girl paid the penalty at least once, for using skate instead of stick. Skates are so much more easily handled, that one instinctively kicked that puck. One almost wonders at times why sticks are used at all—they are such awkward articles. However, practice must needs make perfect, and after eight such strenuous mornings, we felt quite equal to a challenge. Accordingly, in due time and proper form, one was dispatched to the girls of the nearest town.

To make a long story short the game brought the last effect,—fame, of the cause—us. Our opponents evidenced little practice and no team play. When we passed the puck, no one intercepted; when we checked, someone fell; when we aimed accurately (which, to be honest, was not one of our strong points) we scored; when they neared our goal Mary simply would not tolerate a score. So we won. We entertained our guests. We were happy. We began to brandish our hockey sticks, and thirst for new victims.

Because no other girls' team existed within convenient distance, and I fear because we over-estimated our prowess, our next game was against a friendly boys' team. Again may I make a long story short—oh such a long story—and oh so short let me make it. The last description, reversed and intensified, might even be repeated. Those boys had speed, such speed that in watching and escaping them we forgot to pursue. When we saw one bear down upon us, regardless of puck, goal, fame, and

disgrace alike, we fled ignominiously. They passed and repassed that puck, while we carefully retired from its path. They aimed at our goal, and all we could detect of our old Mary was the scream. If we got sufficiently near the opposing goal to aim, the puck vanished mysteriously before we could shoot. And the tragedy is that we usually shot before we realized this. Well, we scored one goal. I ought to know just how, but no one does. And we entertained those players royally, despite our mortification.

Yes, we replaced Huron on the hockey map, though perhaps not quite in the category of fame.

GRETA SCARROW.

June

A velvet rose, and a yellow moon,
June! How I wish it were June!

June?—That brings a memory
Of a garden bench 'neath a white birch tree,

Of a girl I used to know—
It seems a long, long while ago.

Pretty? Well—yes, in a way I suppose,
A fragile thing, like a velvet rose.

Can I recall her name again?
Let me see! Was it Sylvia, or—Jane?

These things are sweet, but they pass away,
Puppy love! I suppose you'd say.

Do you know, I'm wondering still,
Does the yellow moon shine down

And fill the garden, as it used to do,
And I wonder, too, do the roses rue?

JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON.

In The Shadow of The Pines

A Story of the Great North West

The river was bathed in a golden light, for the last rays of the dying sun made a glorious path across the water. A canoe with a single occupant shot from the shadows of the monstrous pines that bordered the shore, and striking out for the centre, followed that golden path, heading for the mountains, dim and misty in the West. With clean, strong strokes, the man sent the canoe skimming through the water. Gradually the colors in the western sky deepened, darkened, and day changed into night. For a few moments during this magical transformation everything was still, for the man paused, and laying down his paddle, allowed the canoe to drift with the faint current. Even the birds ceased their lazy twitterings, and the only sound was the lap, lap of the water against the bow of the canoe.

Dressed in the uniform of the Royal North West Mounted Police, the occupant of the canoe was a splendid athletic-looking figure. His black hair curled slightly on his forehead, his blue eyes were keen and piercing, his clear cut features were stern, almost hard. Roy Cameron was a man of indomitable will, and a fine sense of right and wrong. He would sacrifice anything for duty. At present he was doing the work he most hated. Two days before he had been travelling to his little home in the mountains for ten days leave, when a serious occurrence had put his hope of seeing his mother and Gord farther and farther away. In a little village, not far from where he was staying, there had been a dance, and just when gayety was at its height, the sound of a shot broke in on the merrymakers, and Corporal Benson, of the R. N. W. M. P. was found on the veranda, with a bullet through his heart, murdered. So leave was cancelled and Cameron was sent to hunt out the murderer, who had been making farther West, and he had orders to bring him back alive or dead. It was an ugly business, and Cameron sighed as he took up his paddle and continued his way, keeping a sharp lookout in front of him as he followed the West shore of the river northward.

He must have paddled for hours, for at about midnight, when he could hardly raise his tired arms for another stroke, he saw as he rounded a bend in the river the light of a camp fire and he could smell the burning wood. He paused, immediately on the alert. This, then, was the end of his journey. How well he remembered this place where he and Gord had so often camped, it seemed years ago. Cautiously he paddled nearer

until he could see the huddled form of a man crouching motionless before the fire, and a feeling of unspeakable foreboding came over him. Shaking himself impatiently, he grasped his revolver and stepped ashore, dragging the canoe with him. At the sound the man by the fire jumped to his feet with an oath, and even in the dimness of the flickering light he recognized the uniform. "So you have come," he said thickly. "But you won't have me without a fight. I'll not be taken alive." Something vaguely familiar in the voice and figure of the man excited Cameron's curiosity. With his revolver carefully levelled he approached nearer the fire and the light fell on his set face. There was a muffled exclamation from the other and then: "Roy! Great Heavens! And they sent you to get me? Don't you know me? It is I, Gord!" And with a choking sob he was in his brother's arms. "But Gord, tell me it is all a mistake. You didn't kill him!" "Roy, it all happened in a minute; I didn't know what I was doing. He said something about Mary, and I flared right up and told him I would kill him if he said it again. He did! He said worse. Roy, I couldn't stand it. I saw red, and the first thing I knew he was lying there, and the revolver in my hand was smoking. For a minute I was dazed, I couldn't understand, and then I heard them coming, and I ran. Oh, it has been torture! It has been hell!"

For a long time there was silence. A rush of conflicting emotions swept over Roy Cameron's face but they passed quickly, leaving it stern and cold. Love, anguish, despair, hope, all were there, only to be vanquished by grim duty. He spoke, slowly, brokenly, Gord,—I'm a soldier. I have my oath, it's got to be kept. I'll have to take you back there to be—Oh, I can't! I—Gord, I must!" The younger man nodded, white to the lips. "I—I see. I understand. You stick to your word—always did. I'm weaker. Do you remember the time—" and the brothers sat by the crackling fire recalling the happy days they had spent together in perfect comradeship, and as the stars grew dim in the sky, and the East became rosy with the approaching dawn, they spoke of their mother, her hopes, her joys, her sorrows. "And you are all she has now, Roy. You must be everything to her for I—well, I'm as good as done for!" "Don't say that, there must be some way out of this. They can't—" But Gordon interrupted him quietly. "They can and will, Roy. But you are right, there is one way out of this, just one way. It would kill mother to know, only tell her I am dead." "Gord, what are you doing?" But he was too late. A shot rang out and when Roy reached his brother's side he was breathing his

last. "They will never take me alive," he gasped. "Roy, tell mother I—".

In an agony of grief Roy Cameron returned to the barracks and showed proofs which convinced his officers that the murderer was dead, and justice was satisfied. A life for a life was their stern motto.

After his term of service had expired, Cameron left the R. N. W. M. P. and returned to the little cottage in the mountains, and spent his time trying to compensate for the loss which had fallen on the sweet little white-haired lady he called mother. And as days passed into months the hurt grew less, the bitterness ceased altogether, and there was left only a loving and beautiful memory. Mother and son were wrapped up in each other and happiness reigned supreme in the little thatch cottage in the Great North West.

ALICE THOMPSON.

Sunset

Oh, for the brush of an artist
When I see a sunset sky,
And oh, for the soul of a poet
That the picture may never die.

The ever-changing colors
Seem to me just like life,
The rosy ones are happiness
The gray and blue ones strife.

The clouds that change and linger,
In that wonderful sunset scene
Are swayed by the winds responsive
To a mighty power unseen.

Oh, Master that paints the sunset,
Help me in life's great quest,
And take me when I am weary
Far into this shining West.

MARY BENDELARI.

Lucy's Diary

Monday, February 12th.

Now that I'm ten years old and have a pair of rollur skates, I've decided I should keep a jurnal. It will be nice to read to my grandchildren round a grate fire eating popcorn. To-day I went to school and was on time. A red-headed boy threw snowballs at me. I'll never marry a man with red hair. I like them bald, like dad, but all the boys I know have hair so I guess they're all bad-tempered, but especiuully red-headed ones that throw things. The inspector came round and teacher told him she asked Johnnie last week who wrote "Romeo and Juliet," and he said, "Please, teacher, I didn't." The inspector laffed just heaps and said, "The little sinner, and I bet he did it all the time!" And then when I spelt reindeer "Raindear" after he'd gone, the teacher said, "Lucy, you ought to be an inspector," but I spelt it wrong and I don't know what she meant.

Tuesday, February 13th.

I walked to school with my brother's girl to-day. She always smells so nice and rose-gardeny, but, when I told Bob that, he just laffed and said, "It's a clever girl that can smell like roses and work in a dentist's office," so I guess he's clever to 'cause he smells like tobacko and works in a Methodist Book Room. I was kept in to-day but teacher let me empty the basket (and there was a pretty good apple in it, just brown on one side) and clean the brushes, so it was lots of fun after all.

Wednesday, February 14th.

Well, I'm pretty busy looking at all my valentines to-night. Nothing much happened anyway. One girl at school got more than me. I don't think her curls are naturel. Well, now for some beautie sleep. I wonder if the red-headed boy sends valentines?

Thursday, February 15th.

I went over to see Cousin Willy after school cause his mother bakes on Thursday, but it wasn't much fun cause Uncle Oliver was home with a cold that made him all sneezy and cross. Just cause Willy tried to show me how pretty the gold fish looked swimming round in the milk pitcher he said he was going to spank him. Aunt Emma (she's religus, cause Dad calls her a Holy Terror) said, "The Bible says, 'Let not the sun descend upon your wrath,'" and he says, "Yes, but it doesn't say, 'Let not your wrath descend upon your son,'" and began to take off his belt, so I came home. I met the horrid red-headed boy and I says, "Hello

Smarty," and he says, "Hello yourself and see how you like it." That just shows what kind of bringing up he's had.

Friday, February 16th.

I got promoted to-day into Mrs. Crabfield's room, and there was a funny drawing on the board and underneeth it said SUGAR and she asked me what it was and I said: "It's what my father smokes, sugars, but it's a pretty poor drawing," so she sent me



back to Miss Barley's room. That's just like teachers, they ask you a lot of things they ought to know themselves, and then get mad at a little friendly criticism. To-night I feel funny as I had my bath instead of to-morrow. I'm going to a party then, and won't be home till late.

Saturday, February 17th.

I played with my paper doll all morning, until she'd worn every dress about ten times, so then I married her to a man I cut out of the paper and his name was "Sciatica." It said on top of him;

"Why have Sciatica?" but I took him anyway, without giving a reason to anyone. I had to wash my neck again for the party cause I wore my lace dress. I couldn't reach the back but I guess my ribbon covered that. I took Nellie a beautiful book called "A Child's Dream of a Star." Grandma gave it to me for Xmas, but the words were too long for me. It was a lovely party. The red-headed boy was there and gave me his ice-cream and ordered eleven cents worth of stamps from me in Post Office. He wanted to walk home with me too—although I had told him I lived right next door—but Bob called for me, smelling rose-gardeny. It's terrible late, almost ten, and I am writing in my little book while the moon is shining in the sky, the frost is glissing on the pane, and slaybells are jingling on horses' backs, and I guess a woman when she's grown-up could look after a red-headed man and see that he didn't beat all the children and that he put on a clean collar twice a week. Well, here comes mother to see if I've said my prayers (which I have), and taken the pill she gave me when I told her what I had to eat at the party (which I haven't), so good-night little book. I will tell you my innermost thoughts again on Monday.

L. HOWARD.

Iris Eyes

I have not skill to write,
Nor have I tongue;
And of the songs I'd sing,
All, all, are sung.

But there are seas I sailed,
Long, long ago,
Blue seas and bluer skies—
I loved them so.

Now in your iris eyes,
Find I again
Loved seas and distant skies
Mingled in pain.

I have watched purple dusk
Grow into night,
So do your iris eyes
Kiss the star-light.

All of life, love, and June,
All of romance,
Of blue eternity,
Burns in their glance.

JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON.

Mary Rose

The art of Sir James Barrie, "is so delicate, so interwoven with the material displayed, that it defies description," such has been said of Barrie's works but more especially of Mary Rose.

There is no other playwright at the present time who would have thought of staging such a play, or who would have dared to begin a play at the last act and so work backwards, as Barrie does, with such wonderful mastery, until the audience finally understands. Barrie must be gifted with a marvellous imagination, for his heroine, Mary Rose, is snatched away from the world, only to return, unchanged, unaltered, and almost unwelcome, after an absence of twenty-five years. The play is not flawless, but "perhaps no other playwright since the beginning of time has so artfully combined episodes remotely fanciful with homely realism.

After seeing the play of Mary Rose we feel as though we must go to a quiet and restful spot to think over what we have seen. But it is really much more satisfactory to accept it as we find it than to probe into the very heart of things, and so bring up many unanswerable questions that will tend to spoil some of our joy in the masterpiece.

There are many people to whom Mary Rose does not appeal in the very least, but personally I think that they must be too "material" to be able to accept the impossible. They might well be compared to a sealed book that can hold no more.

Barrie shows us that we should not wish for the departed to return, for it would only bring unhappiness to both sides. We should never know what peace or contentment we might be taking from them if they were to return at our wish. He represents the departed as remaining always the same as when they leave us, so that when our turn comes we will recognize them when we see them. He also tells us that they do not forget those whom they have left behind, for when Mary Rose came back her first thought was for her baby. She does not realize that she has been away when she returns, for the love of her family continues, and in this way Barrie points out that real love cannot be destroyed by anything, not even death.

Much praise is due to the composer of the alluring music that is played and sung from time to time. It is extremely haunting and fascinating, so much so, in fact, that Mary Rose seems to be wafted into the unknown on the wings of a beautiful melody.

It is said that Barrie wrote this play to comfort those who have lost their dear ones, and although it seems almost uncanny in some places, yet, "there are still, you know, more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," but many of us are glad that Sir James Barrie can dream of them in his, and tell us of his dreams.

HELEN PARSONS.

A Character Sketch

At the Julia Greenshield's Home there is a large family of old ladies whose ages range from about sixty years to nearly a hundred.

In a small room on the second floor dwells Mrs. Macdonald, a dear little old lady. We call her grandmother, not because she is related to us, but because she is so loveable and would make an ideal grandmother. Her small face and hands are covered with wrinkles for she is ninety years old, although she looks much younger. However, you would not be long in ignorance, as she proudly tells her years. All day long she sits in her rocker wearing her black dress with tiny white collars and cuffs, and on her head a frilled white cap. Her hearing and sight are both leaving her, so, to pass the time, grandmother tries to knit wash cloths. She is perfectly delighted if someone comes to chat.

It is like reading a story of long ago to hear Mrs. Macdonald talk. Her parents were Scotch and she still retains a bit of an accent, as she tells how she came out to this new land seventy-five years ago. In those days sailing boats were used and it took over thirty days to cross the ocean. The passengers had to provide their own eatables, which proved quite a hardship as bread and eggs were the chief menu.

Grandmother memorized long passages from the Bible when she was a girl and she finds these and her wonderful memory a great comfort now that she cannot read. But the sad part of it all is, that now she wants to die, and she just exists waiting for the call. All her loved ones are dead, and she feels that her usefulness in this world has passed and that now she is a burden. It is not right that any old lady should be allowed to feel this way. When we find so few loving old Grandmothers now, those we have should have a real home and all the affection that it is possible to give them.

MARGARET INGLIS.

The Census taker to the bachelor maid of uncertain years:
"Your age madam?"

Bachelor maid: "Thirty."

The Census taker: "You told me that ten years ago."

The bachelor maid: "Well, I'm not one of those people who are one thing to-day and another to-morrow."

The Betrothal

A play in five acts by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated from the French by Alexander Texeira de Mattos, 1820, published by McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.

The Betrothal is a sequel to or rather a continuation of the Blue Bird with which you are all familiar, a drama whose inner meaning is as profound as its outer is simple and naive.

In the Betrothal we have the second, then, of three lyric dramas designed to summarize the entire experience of mankind, as it naturally works out in the search for the three rewards sought after at the beginning of life, at its middle, and at its end. Tyltyl represents "Man." In each of these plays he sets forth on a journey through the present, the past and the future, in search of a different ideal. The first ideal is Truth, the second Beauty, and the third Righteousness.

In the Blue Bird, Tyltyl is but a little boy, and the human race is young; he seeks for an understanding of all the things that will bring happiness to the soul. The Blue Bird itself is a familiar symbol for ultimate Truth—every world religion uses the bird as the symbol of the oversoul, the one God. It is the "Roc" of the Sinbad story, the "Phoenix" of the Greek myth, the "Hawk" of the Egyptians and the "Dove" of the New Testament.

In the Betrothal Tyltyl has grown up and is in search of Love, The Truth he has found on his former journey is now seeking its complement. The scene opens with Tyltyl now seventeen years old, tossing in bed at the hour before dawn, when the senses are swaying between the dream world and reality. The Fairy Berylune enters in the guise of an old woman as in the first scene of the Blue Bird. On her entering, the room is filled with a strange brightness which remains after the door is closed.

Fairy Berylune awakens Tyltyl and after his amazement passes, she asks quaintly if he is interested in love. Tyltyl grudgingly admits that he has thought about it and upon further questioning admits having noticed about a half a dozen girls who have noticed him; that he would find it easy to love any one of them, and not at all difficult to love them all. Berylune then warns Tyltyl of the happiness to be lost by not focusing his love on one person, and invites Tyltyl on a journey to the World of Real Things, where they know all that has to be known. "For what we see is nothing. It is what we do not see that makes the world go round." The Fairy thereupon summons the six girls Tyltyl has mentioned by turning the magic Sapphire on the cap which she gives Tyltyl, and all six follow faithfully after him on his quest.

A seventh figure trails along at the end of the procession, softly veiled and shadowy.

Fairy Berylune and Tytyl first visit the Miser's Cave, to provide money for the journey. There they discover the miser, an old hook-nosed man with a dirty white beard and scraggly hair, grovelling over his gold. He becomes suddenly aware of Tytyl's presence and rushes madly at him. When, on Berylune's advice Tytyl turns the sapphire in his cap, a change suddenly passes over the miser, and his face and heart are transformed. He gazes with astonishment at the piles of gold at his feet and when Tytyl asks for some of it the miser pours handfuls into his wallet.

Tytyl's guest then leads him to the abode of his ancestors. He sees in them some disreputable, some lofty, some lovely, some to be remembered, and some to be forgotten, but all of them vitally interested in Tytyl's choice of a wife. After long deliberation the ancestors find all six girls waiting, and with eyes dimmed by many centuries, fail to see the beauty in the seventh form, that still follows silently in their wake.

The Great Ancestor: My poor children it is very sad, but my hands are tied. You will perhaps cry for a few hours, but if we chose one of you, she would spend her whole life crying, for I do not see among you, the one for whom we are waiting—Tytyl?

Tytyl: Yes?

The Great Ancestor.: Have you brought us no one else, besides those we see here.

Tytyl: No, no one else.

The Great Mendicant: I see a tall figure over there, against a tree, who is it?

Tytyl: I really don't know, she follows us all the time, squeezes in wherever we go, nobody knows her, and we can't get rid of her.

The Great Ancestor: Go and fetch her. (Tytyl leads the white phantom by the hand.)

The Great Ancestor: Who are you?

Tytyl: It is no use asking her she never answers; she can't talk.

The Great Ancestor (To Phantom): Come nearer, child, and let me lift the veil that covers your face. (He removes the veil; the Statue's face appears absolutely white, featureless and devoid of human expression). She has no face.

Great Peasant: She has no expression.

Great Mendicant: She has no features, she is like an unfinished Statue.

Great Ancestor: What are we to do? It must be she. But who is she? She is not dead, or we should know it. Come Tytyl, make an effort, for everything depends on you, you must remember.

Tytyl: I have tried my utmost. Do what I will, I can't remember at all.

The Great Ancestor: Sister, it is a serious matter. If we do not succeed in recognizing her, all your happiness on earth will be nothing more than a phantom like herself. There is one last resource, one last hope, which is that the children that are to be born of you may discover who she is, and whether she is to be their mother.

Fairy Berylune then leads Tytyl to the abode of the unborn children, which corresponds to the Kingdom of the Future in the Blue Bird. Here Tytyl meets face to face his own children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, and so forward through endless time. These future descendants show even greater interest than the ancestors in Tytyl's selection of a bride, for them it concerns much more closely. In this region of the future the tallest children are those who are farthest away from the world; they grow smaller and smaller as they dwindle through foreshortened generation from great-grandchildren to grandchildren, and finally to children. The littlest child is consequently that one that is most ready to be born into the world. Hence it is, Tytyl's littlest child of all rushes forward to acknowledge this predestined mother, and, rejecting the six glowing girls, welcomes gladly the seventh veiled figure, calling her "mother." It is, of course, this child who is permitted to lift the veil from her face. The face is very lovely, but Tytyl does not at the moment recognize it.

Then in the last act we have Tytyl awake in bed the next morning, and Mummy Tyl hurrying him up to receive a visit from his former neighbor and her daughter, Joy, whom Tytyl has not seen or thought of, since he last saw her, several years before, when he had entrusted to her the Blue Bird. So now as Tytyl looks clearly into the eyes of this girl who has for so long followed him in his dreams as a veiled figure—he realizes that she is the predestined bride—and he claims her as the only love of his life. And so we have the completion of the second quest—Truth and Beauty dwell together.

The Betrothal may or may not be finally accepted as an equal of the "Blue Bird" in importance or popularity. As I understand it, Maeterlinck is enlarging upon his first idea, and I expect that there will be a third play written, in which Tytyl will be shown as

an old man, and will fare forth upon his final journey through the very gates of death in search of Peace and Righteousness. But all in all, Maurice Maeterlinck has given us two very beautiful bits of harmony in the Blue Bird and The Betrothal.

JEAN MITCHELL.

Your Face

Through star-dust,
Through white dreams of ages gone,
I see your face,
Close-kissed, 'twixt dusk, and dawn,
For the white lure of moonlight's in your eyes,
And on your brow, the kiss of morning lies;
Your hair's pale gold,—
Eternal springtime's fire;
So in my soul,
Burns the age-old desire.

How close, I think, is loving unto hating,
And laughter unto tears!
Beauty's akin to pain, for, in the waiting
I'd stamp upon the passion-flower of years:
But, still it haunts me
With its face uplifted—
Your April face, lit with eternal fire,
And in my soul,
Despite the dreams, the waiting,
There burns the old desire.

JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON.

DISILLUSIONED.

Christmas had lost some of its joys for Bobby, for he had just learned that there was no Santa Claus. A wonderful sleigh, however, brought some consolation, and night after night, he earnestly prayed for plenty of snow. Nevertheless mild weather continued—rain, mud, dry, dusty roads. At last, quite discouraged, he tearfully confided an awful fear to his mother: "Mamma," he said, "I'm afraid God is going to turn out like Santa Claus."



Wit and Wisdom

"Vers Libres"

The following appreciation of this fine example of "vers libres" was written by the author herself:—

This little nature poem, full of color, rhythm, and imagination is irresistible in its appeal. The psychology is true to life, like Browning's, and the philosophy parallel with Bernard Shaw's.

I

Grey the sky
Black the trees, and
Chimney pots.
While here and there
A red roof
Breaks in view.
The silent snow
Falls, thick and fast.

II

Grey the sky;
All is white below.

ALETHA ORR.

Greta: "I think it would be rather fun to publish engagements."

Lois: "Would you put underneath 'Subject to change?' or just bring out supplementary editions every few weeks?"



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